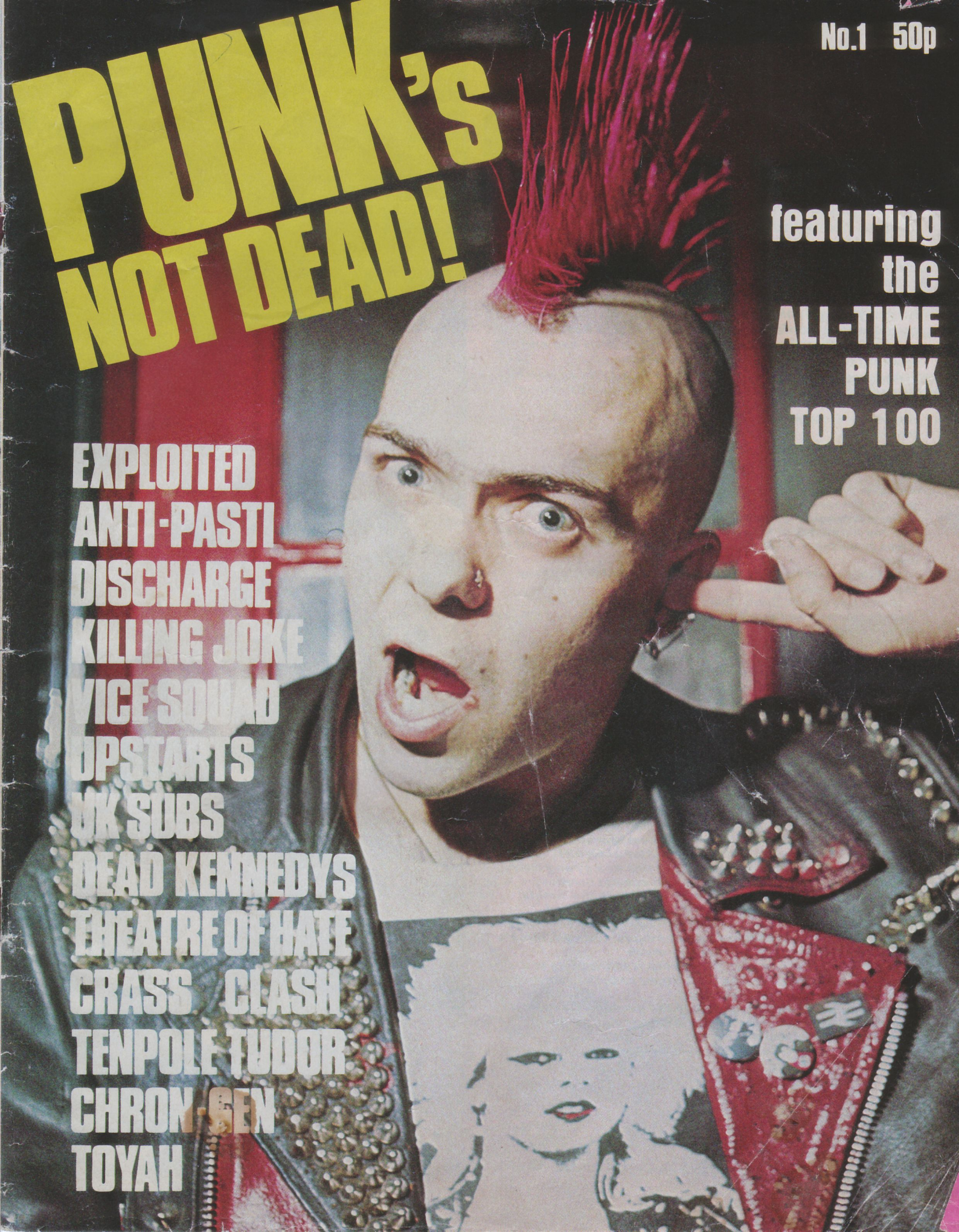


No.1 50p

PUNK'S NOT DEAD!

featuring
the
**ALL-TIME
PUNK
TOP 100**

EXPLOITED
ANTI-PASTI
DISCHARGE
KILLING JOKE
VICE SQUAD
UPSTARTS
UK SUBS
DEAD KENNEDYS
THEATRE OF HATE
CRASS CLASH
TENPOLE TUDOR
CHRON GEN
TOYAH



PUNK'S NOT DEAD!

FIVE YEARS ago John Rotten bared his naked rage to the world and lit a fuse that exploded inside the brains of bored teenagers everywhere.

The Sex Pistols were unrelenting, raining musical fire and lyrical brimstone on a shocked adult world that stood for everything punks despised — hypocrisy, complacency, conformity, boredom, a world based on privilege and pomp where the young had little say and the working class / dole queue young even less.

And that's why they're still important today. Not as idols to be worshipped from afar, not as a nice safe castrated memory hanging on the walls of company executives, but as vital inspiration to the people who are still carrying the punk message on.

It hasn't been easy.

One by one the punk 'heroes' sold out. Rock 'n' roll's greatest ever moment was being absorbed by the Entertainment Industry. The 'leaders' were too greedy. The mouthpieces were corrupt, the message distorted.

The critics said that punk had died. What they forgot was the thousands of kids who needed and believed in punk as it was supposed to be, a street level movement based on real rock energy.

And these kids formed new bands or found new ones they thought they could trust.

Bands like the UK Subs, Sham, Stiff Little Fingers, the Angelic Upstarts and the Ruts rose up to carry on where the first wave had left off.

The anarchy beat stayed on the streets, growing, changing, transmuting, diversifying, the bands staying true to their roots or getting forgotten, and finally resurging now stronger than ever because punk today has never been more necessary.

Dole Queue Rock is now a grim reality rather than a neat slogan. And that's why we need Punk — not as dogma or religion but as rock 'n' roll in its purest form, raw aggressive rebel music, music that screams, rages, demands, excites and always asks why.

From the Exploited to Crass, from Discharge to the 4-Skins, from the Upstarts to the Plasmatics, from Vice Squad to Splodge, and from the host of vital young bands like Conflict, GBH, Blitz, the Partisans, Disorder and hundreds more the message of 1981 is the same — OUR PUNK'S NOT DEAD.

No matter how different they might seem, the street protesters, the escapists and the committed anarchists are all part of a movement that espouses pure rock energy and teen rebellion — even when its only rebellion against boredom.

The lesson of the past is that punk belongs to the streets. The first rule of punk is there are no rules. Punk's about breaking rules not making them. Not wearing the right clothes or mouthing the right clichés, but thinking for yourself. Punk's about freedom of speech and room to move.

Our challenge is to keep it going, keep it challenging and prove it means more than the Fleet Street image of glue-sniffing (sick) and swastika-wearing (sicker).

Punk has got to stay the poison in the machine. So form your own bands, write your own zines, form your own opinions, expose the people who'd use you.

Prove it to the world: we're the young generation and we've got something to say.

GARRY BUSHELL

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NEWS NEWS NEWS



pic by Andrew Hanson

THE DEAD KENNEDYS

(pictured left), with their new black drummer **D. H. Philegro**, spearhead a blitzkrieg assault of Yank punk on British sensibilities this Autumn. They've organised a compilation album featuring thriving punk bands from all over the States to coincide with the Kennedys own short British tour that includes a headline spot at the London Lyceum.

The album will be called 'Let Them Eat Jellybeans' and is released on the Dead Ones' own Alternative Tentacles label. It'll feature hardcore US outfits like **Flipper**, **DOA**, the **Circle Jerks**, **Really Red** and **Black Flag**, amongst others, not to mention a new Kennedys cut and cert airplay fave 'Nazi Punks F... Off'.

Meantime Kennedys singer **Jello Biafra** is releasing a four track EP called 'The Witch Trials' which he recorded with Ray Pepperell, Christian Lunch, Adrian Boreland and Morgan Fisher.

Hopefully US hardcore punk **Black Flag** and **DOA** will support at the Lyceum.

US hardcore fans have now got their own radio station in New York, where WNYU-FM Radio broadcasts Oi-The Show (punk and Oi only) every week. A similar show has been started up in Sweden by DJ Jonas Almquist for the Swedish Broadcasting Corp.

Back in the UK, the **Angelic Upstarts** hope to release their live album this month, hopefully with a coinciding tour.

After a series of secret gigs last month the **UK Subs** are over in the States this month hitting British streets again with an official tour in October. By the time you read this they're '99 per cent certain' to have signed with NEMS Records and plan to release a new single by the end of this month.

The **Cockney Rejects** have no plans to play Britain at the moment but are trying to organise some US dates... the **Exploited** release a new studio single 'Dead City' this month (and it's FAST)... **Anti-Pasti** plan to tour Europe end of September / October before 'hopefully' playing major venues round Britain.

SLF are also in Europe September / October playing their biggest tour to date (30 gigs in France alone), they've got no record news at the moment... **The Wall** are recording their second album 'Dirges & Anthems' on Polydor, **Claire Bidwell** from the **Passions** has taken over bass duties leaving singer Andy Fretboard free. They'll be doing a club date tour next month to coincide with the album and a new single.

Colchester anti-violence punks **The Special Duties** release their debut single 'Colchester Council' on Charnel House this month, it's produced by Lurker Shirker **Howard Wall**.

The Plasmatics have got a new elpee out in the States but have no plans to release it here or tour at the moment... **The Strike** from Invernesshire—currently a two-piece following the shock defection of lead guitarist and bass player for

'job' reasons—still hope to be back to gigging by the time you read this and plan a single 'Anthem For The Eighties' on their own label shortly.

Peter & The Test Tube Babies release their debut EP 'Banned From The Pubs' this month on No Future records... **Auntie Pus** is now back gigging as Auntie & The Men from Uncle.

Tenpole Tudor can't make up their minds whether to do anything or not... **The Dark** recording their debut lp this month for Fresh, 'apocalyptic punk' they say.

Captain Sensible heard muttering 'I don't like any punk bands around now' at recent **Chelsea 100 Club** gig.

Avant-gardists the **Lemon Kittens** supported **Chelsea** at the same gig and went down so well with mohican punters that they've been asked to join **Chelsea** and **Chron-Gen** for their August tour, Gene October described the 100 Club gig as 'an experience'.

Mark Perry's back with a new band called the **Reflections** but he might be touring the States in October as **ATV**.

The Clash's next single is likely to be their on-stage fave 'Radio Clash' with an album and British tour to follow later this year.

A new set-up called **Pax** has been launched in Sheffield with the aim, ho ho, of rivalling 'the **Crass** empire of the South'. They've already staged gigs by the **Exploited** and **4-Skins** with prices kept down to £1 (or less if you're on the dole) and upcoming at Sheffield Marples they have **Flux Of Pink Indians** (still high in the Indie chart with 'Neu Smell') on September 7 and **Vice Squad** on September 14. Pax also have their own record label.

Chron-Gen have signed to Independent Record Labels Ltd (a subsidiary of Step Forward) and have a single, 'Reality' out soon.

And finally a word of good luck to **Conflict** singer **Colin Gerrard**. Col was attacked by a nutter in the street 'cos he was a punk recently and had a bottle shattered in his face. He's currently undergoing operations to save his sight in one eye — we wish him well... cos **Conflict** are a red-hot band and he means it, maaaaaannnnnnnn.

*Beki Bondage:
see centre pages*



pic by Kevin Cummins



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as voted by readers
of Sounds

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The Clash: at number 4

APOCALYPSE NOW!

'AND LO it did come to pass that in the summer of the year of our Lord 1981 a great noise was unleashed upon the English people, a blistering cacophony of outrage and protest accompanied by much riotous dancing and loutish shouting, and much rowdy celebration, sweat and hoarseness. And the reason for this onslaught was the coming together of four of the wildest gangs of spikey herberts known to punk-kind.

And lo, their names were CHRON-GEN, the pearly kings of speedy pop-punk, ANTI-PASTI, committed anti-conscription propagandists and thrash extravagandists extraordinaire, DISCHARGE, the unrelenting Gods of Raw Noise, and THE EXPLOITED, the barmiest, most explosive punk package of our times. And verily did men call this onslaught The Apocalypse.

This year's Apocalypse Now tour was indisputably to the current Punk Resurgence what the Anarchy Tour was to the first punks — a chance for the whole country to experience one fiery full-frontal front line of the year's anger-music resurrection in one senses-shattering blitzkrieg of spikey rodent power.

A defiant show of strength and unity in the face of the hatred and hostility of the media, the Biz, and the Establishment.

The biggest differences between now and then are the composition of the audience (much more solidly working class) and the fact that not only

do none of the bands come from London, but neither do any of them have the approval and patronage of the London hipsters.

The bands argue that this is because punk ain't trendy any more. Now it's more for real, more a way of life.

On a long lost Scottish movie lot the Exploited and their ragged-arse Barmy Army relive Wanderers out-takes, a mass of menacing Mohicans, ferocious Fordham Baldies, rabid rat-thin punks with rainbow hair, and mean muvver Michelin Men Skins patrolling a nebulous modern day nightmare where they defend to the death their own vision of class warfare 1977-style.

Sure they fight and spit and swear, but deep down all Wattie wants to do is graffiti the walls with a message for all of the world's forgotten children to join together against the common enemy — the society that rejects them and which they in turn reject.

MAYBE THE most contradictory but definitely the most exciting band of the whole new punk tide are The Exploited, the Edinburgh four-piece whose debut album 'Punks Not Dead' shocked the cynics out of their complacency by burning a course straight into the Top Thirty this May.

The hipsters were bewildered. They'd written punk off years back and had firmly sunk their parasitical fangs into the rotten pretence of the New Romantics (Bromley poseur-punk's logical outcome) and their Tweedle (Bor) Dum the 'blue-eyed funksters'.

So how come this album, this

smouldering twelve inches of furious chaos rawer than a Sabre slash across the stomach, had found the grass roots support to plummet up 'their' charts?

Natch the kids didn't need telling. The Exploited's brand of non-stop garagelandagogo tearaway defiance matched their feelings exactly and they gobbled up the album coming back clamouring for the live action in their tens of thousands.

It sure is difficult to believe that we're talking about a band who only debuted in London little over twelve months ago.

I'd actually met them before up in the wilds of Edinburgh way back in November '79 just a few months after they'd formed (vocalist Wattie Buchan is the only surviving original band member).

And though I was impressed by their rawness and spirit I couldn't help feeling that with their Swindle-clone clobber and redundant Swastika-shock emblems they were more living out the fag-end of punk '77 style than striving to carve out an identity of their own.

But you can't judge an engine by its bonnet and after talking to them and seeing them live I became convinced that despite (maybe even because) of their contradictions they were very much a part of the then slowly rebuilding upsurge of working class protest bands now in its full bloom.

Their first single 'Army Life' released last July was the first real indication of just how important a part they'd become. Wattie was drawing on his mind-numbing four years in the Army (he'd joined through boredom, got locked up for wearing punk gear, and left to form the Exploited) to hammer home the realities of the stand-to-attention life from Tommy Atkins point of view via a blistering kick-in-the-cannonballs bruiser of a battle-cry.

Join the army at 17 / Two years later you're a killing machine / Clean my rifle everyday / Gotta do whatever the Army say / Army life is killing me, mee, MEEE

It was great, the positive side of the Exploited's ultra-exciting nihilistic rage. The b-side 'F*** The Mods' was the negative side with Wattie moving from square-bashing to mohair-slashing in this yobbo 'Jingle Bells' rewrite about which I observed at the time 'No one ever learns, while we're rowing with each other we never get anywhere'.

But Wattie still defends the song. 'We've nothing against the original Mods but we hate posers, the plastic Mods. We're not into fashions — we don't just dress up like this for gigs, we're like this all the time'.

He also justifies the swastikas. 'I only wear it cos it stands for punk, it's nothing to do with the NF or BM or anything like that. I don't believe in politics, and I'm certainly not a Nazi'.

I don't agree. As far as I can see the swastika stands for nothing of the kind — it was just an easy way to upset yer mum and dad. But in today's cold climate it oughta be buried, and replaced by symbols more positive and human.

Still when it comes to what he really does believe it's harder to disagree. 'I believe in punk, raw punk as working class people on the dole and a chance to vote against the government. We want skins and punks to come together and have a good time and keep punk going'.

And undoubtedly that's what the band achieve. Live they're magnificent with Wattie twisting and turning, prancing and dancing, dominating the stage and demanding the attention.

When they played their first

continued on page 43

pic by S. Billet



pic by Martin Dean



pic by S. Billet





EXPLOITED

pic by Martin Dean





**ANTI-
PASTI**
pic by Andy Phillips

ANTI-PASTI: (NOT) PUPP

WHEN THE angels ask me to recall the thrill of it all Anti-Pasti'll be pretty high on the list. Not because they're particularly original, they're not, but because live they cut through critical analysis dealing out pogo pogrom after pogo pogrom of surpercharged knees-up and rousing the rabble with the best of them.

Like Discharge the Pasti concentrate their lyrics against conscription and war. Unlike Discharge they do this via the sort of punk music I like best of all: hard-driving Subsian-type assault with rowdy singalong choruses.

Martin Roper is a great populist front man whipping up the audience and leading them through a solid selection of good strong SONGS firmly rooted in the problems of being young in '81.

But many people find their pre-occupation with the military too obsessive and overpowering.

Martin is unrepentant: "We've always written about things that mean a lot to us at the time. Conscription is a big threat at the moment, so to us it's something well worth writing about. You can see it coming, there are three million or more unemployed and something's eventually got to be done with all those people."

"We'll be the first to go, kids of

our age. All we can do is make people aware of the facts from our songs and hope they'll make their own minds up — or at least realise the dangers."

The inner city riots of this summer are just one indication of how desperate the dole generation are getting. Yet the response of many of our rulers isn't to pour money into jobs and industry but to echo the traditional Establishment reaction: birch 'em, flog 'em, lock 'em up in Borstals, blame their parents (they should suffer in silence?), put 'em all in the Army, give 'em a bit of discipline. And remember at the same time the historical truth that war arises out of crisis.

This is the message of the Pasti's debut album 'The Last Call', spelt out in over half of their songs. To my mind this isn't over-reaction, just plain good sense.

The band formed as the Scrinchers just over two years ago in Derby, guitarist Doug Bell half-inching the name Anti-Pasti from an Italian Restaurant menu — it means 'starters'.

Only he and Martin survive from that original incarnation, bassist Will Hoone and drummer Kevin Nixon joining around September '80, debuting at the Ajanta in Derby last October in front of an audience including a couple of gents from Mansfield independant Rondelet Records.

Rondelet picked up the band's first EP 'Four Sore Points'.

"We'd scrounged like hell to get that out originally," says Martin.

"We pressed the first thousand on our own Dose label and sold 'em mostly to our supporters in the Derby area, then we pressed another load in clear vinyl before Rondelet took it up."

It was an Alternative Chart smasher, and it's follow-up 'Let Them Free' even more of one. Supporting the UK Subs was their other chief way of crashing into the punk public's consciousness — even though they did have to shell out a cool grand to get on the tour. ("And they call that punk — it wasn't the group's fault though, it was their former manager's, who they've since sacked...")

At time of writing they've just released their debut elpee after going down a storm on the Apocalypse tour, and are about to set out on a headline tour of their own before recording a new single.

The album is strong although a trifle marred to these ears by a rough old production job that weakens a couple of the numbers, dragging them down a touch by making them sound leaden when they should be urgent.

But over-all it's a more than fair intro to their spirited live performance, running the whole

gauntlet of their lyrical / musical barrage from 'No Government' right through to 'Freedom Row'.

"We cover quite a range of subjects," says Martin. "But we're not political in an aggressive sense. We just sing about things that bother us and make us think. The lyrics might not be our strongest point, but it's the ideas behind them that matter most."

"Take 'No Government', that isn't a plea for anarchy, but a warning that it's too easy for the individual to get pushed around these days. We're saying — don't allow yourselves to be taken over, and let unemployment and social security problems grind you down."

"When it comes down to it we're just four young people who generate exciting music. We're not walking around with a placard saying 'The Spirit Of Seventy-Seven' and all that stuff."

"We're trying to capture the sense of fun you got from those times just by watching a band and feeling part of the evening. We may move to another style as we get older and better — providing we keep the excitement."

"The only thing that worries us is if things get too big, and we lose control over things like the price of a record. That'd let the down the people who've been following us and we never ever want to do that."



both pics by Andy Phillips

UNCONDITIONAL DISCHARGE

"UMPTEN VERSIONS of the same pneumatic drill solo awful... no tunes, no talent, no funnnn... dull, boring and monotonous... the musical equivalent of glue-sniffing"

And that's just some of the nicer things me and Sounds have ever had to say about Discharge!

After watching 'em three times now what bothers me most is not why I don't like 'em but why anyone else does

So rather than just repeat my criticisms of the band, we've thrown this page open to Discharge fans to explain exactly why Discharge remain one of the most popular bands amongst rabid hardcore spikeys

YOU ASK in your latest punky article why do people like Discharge? Well, I must admit I love 'em, dunno why, though! Thing is, I just like all punk bands whoever they are. Crass, Exploited, Vice Squad, Killing Joke, Abrasive Wheels, Dead Kennedys, Anti-Pasti, Disorder, Demob, Chelsea (yes, Chelsea) etc. etc. And every time a new punk band releases a record I just buy it whether I've heard it or not.

I first bought a Discharge record sometime last year ('Fight Back' EP) and although I couldn't understand what they were chatting about, I still liked it. Fact is, on record they're much better than the Exploited cos they're really loud and the guitaring's great and after a few listens to 'Why', I could easily tell the difference between the songs and understand the words (cos they're printed on the sleeve). But on the Exploited's LP, the guitar is really weak and you can hardly hear it.

Mind you, I saw the Exploited live a couple of weeks ago at the Bristol Granary and they were brilliant and the guitar was really strong.

I've yet to see Discharge live but I expect they're not much different from their records which, as I've said, I love because they're FAST. LOUD AND PUNK FOR PUNK. I hope this Skunk rock thing does get started cos at the moment Punk and Oi are miles apart, especially after Southall which shows whether you like it or not oi and skinheads can attract trouble.

I also wish you'd tell Wattie to stop criticizing Crass because Crass sing about the same sort of thing i.e. anti-police, anti-system, anti-govt., anti-army, anti-war. It's just Crass want anarchy and peace and Exploited want anarchy and chaos. It may sound stupid and senseless but I'd like both!

I know you don't like Crass but a lot of their lyrics are similar to what you moan about half the time, like governments. Thanks, anyway, for what you've done for punk and oi

but please try to make oi a bit more acceptable to punx now cos it seems to be just a skin movement. Long live Skunk Rock!

Nick Donovan, Oakdale Close, Downend, Bristol BS16 6EE.

IN GARRY BUSHELL'S review of the 'Apocalypse Now' Tour he asked Discharge fans to write in and tell him why we like Discharge. I like them because, as one of the kids at the gig when he was asked the above question replied, "I believe in what they say, that's what matters. It doesn't matter about the music, it's the words that are important."

Discharge are ANTI WAR. They realise that war is the worst thing that can happen to a country and its people. Wars are easily started and usually by someone who knows he won't be doing the killing and/or be killed. The Exploited, Upstarts, Rejects etc don't seem to realise the full extent of this threat. Discharge do.

Bushell then goes on to say that if they want to get across a message of peace why not write for 'Peace News'?

Well, I've never heard of 'Peace News' before, so I doubt if Cal has. Anyway, they have probably got enough people writing articles for them and why should the anti-war theme be limited to newspapers?

Then Bushell sez you can't hear the words, maybe they ought to give out lyric sheets. You can't hear the words to most groups when they play live. Can you write out the words to any of Chron Gen's unrecorded songs that you heard that night?

As for the second point, Discharge do give out lyric sheets and you can also write to them c/o Clay Records for lyric sheets. Also, the words to both 'Decontrol' and 'Why' EPs are printed on the back. Various fanzines have printed the words to the songs on the 'Realities of War' and 'Fight Back' EPs.

After saying I like Discharge because of what they say, I must admit they are very catchy. I find their music/noise irresistible. One more thing, in your review you said Cal and Rainy were twin brothers, well I'm afraid they're not. Bones and ex-drummer Tezz were twins, but Tezz left some time ago and the drummer now is Bambi. Apart from that it was an excellent gig review — Nick.

I CANNOT understand why you claim to support the 'new punk' movement and then slag off Discharge left, right and centre.

Discharge, like Crass, have a lot of integrity, honesty and strong, punk ideals. They also play music which appeals to a lot of people including myself. These, however, are qualities which seem to put you off bands. You, Bushell, opt out for shallow, seedy lyrics from the Exploited. I'm sure that fact that Wattie and the boys hate Crass has nothing to do with their constant

rave reviews and front page specials.

Has it occurred to you that the Exploited are just sensation seekers? The 'F' the Mods' single proves this fact. Also the 'Oi' album appearances. The Exploited will soon crawl back into the woodwork just like a lot of punk 'heroes' have done in the past (eh, Johnny?) and that will suit you fine because you'll just find another harmless punk 'shock' group to arselick to.

Discharge and Crass are doing fine without your help though I'm sure you must be entitled to 20% of Exploited's royalties.

Decent punk bands are fighting a system which you are helping to decay into a fascist regime. They say the pen is mightier than the sword, then yours must need refilling because it is doing Crass and Discharge no harm. — L. Clarke, Clark Street, Morecambe.

DEAR MR. Bushell, Right, that's the last bit of politeness you're gonna get from my, you anti-Discharge git. You wanted Discharge fans to write in and tell you why (why, why, why, but why) we like Discharge.

Well, before I start, I'd just like to point out you don't even know who the drummer is. Tezz left before the 'Why' EP came out and the 'new' drummer is Bambi. Also, Rainy is not Cal's (not Calvin) twin brother. Tezz and Rainy are the twins. Get your facts right, Bushell.

So, you say they've got no tunes.

no songs, no variation, moan cos they don't have choruses (has 'Anarchy'?), can't hear the words 'What's up with you?' 'Course you can hear the words but an old, fuddy-duddy like you may not be able to decipher them (my mum can't understand Abba... it's cos she's old, Bushell, rather like you, I'd say).

If you want lyrics, write to Clay Records, you'll find out they do have lyric sheets and the words to the 'Why' EP are printed on the sleeve. Us Discharge fans don't really need lyric sheets cos playing their records over and over again they get drummed into our heads. Maybe not, in your case.

Literally, Discharge talk more sense than any band around but the music hits you more than what the words do. It maybe violent music but it's a controlled aggression on stage directed, not towards the crowd but the heads of state. Bastards who want to press buttons. Discharge are the best of their kind, even better than early Pistols. If you're a true Discharge fan, the words are easily followed and you can't sit still to the music.

If the new Rejects album is anything like the new single, it's crap. But you gave the album four stars. I think your taste of music stinks, I suggest you go back to being a mod then maybe you'll get some sense beaten into you by your other fave band, the Exploited — Prince Charles.



CHRON-IC GEN-ERATION

ALREADY COMPARED favourably with the early Buzzcocks, albeit an earthier version, Chron-Gen might have been bottom of the Apocalypse bill but they certainly aren't bottom of the punk's affection as Andrieus Lasys found when he ventured all the way to darkest Hitchin to get the goods on the Chronic Generation.

THE CONDEMNED, as Chron-Gen were first called, were formed back in 1977 while Glynn Baxter and John Johnson were still at school in their humble hometown Hitchin. Glynn was on lead guitar and vocals, John was on the sticks and the mysterious Adam played bass.

Their repertoire was mostly old Pistols and Ramones numbers. Adam was soon replaced by Pete Dimmock, who joined with rhythm guitarist Jon Thurlow to make up today's line-up. The addition of Jon and Pete gave the band a real hard-hitting rhythm section which they lacked before, and the name change came soon after, a contraction of their slogan Chronic Generation.

Despite their hardcore image, any attempt to interview them ends up in pure and utter chaos. Jon, the ugly one who looks like Prince Charles, is a civil servant and Glynn's on the dole.

"Bastard", shouts Glynn, "I ain't had my money cos of you." Jon just sits on the floor laughing and replies rather weakly "I don't deal with that."

Then the insults come thick and fast, nobody (apart from Pete) is spared. Manager Gez Lowry gets it first.

John: "The management are crap, first chance we get we're gonna get some middle-aged geezer who'll buy us a luxury mini-bus, a flat in Park Lane and our own recording studio."

Then, for some reason best known to himself, Jon announces that he is A Poser. Put that way it seems kinda reasonable. Then, without warning or apparent reason, they start on yours truly. I was told I had the features of Mensi, then Steve said Malcolm Owen (R.I.P.), then the final insult was being told I look like Garry Bushell (sorry, Gall!) See what I mean? Pure Chaos.

The conversation carries on in this silly vein with it becoming evident that all the band, management included, fancy John's mum and Steve asserting that they're all punks with one brain between them. Glynn adds that he has got the brain.

But, truthfully though, they are quite an intelligent bunch (apart from Gez). Even Steve holds a degree in something or another but what makes them so enjoyable to talk to and be with is that they are human, they'll have a laugh and a joke, nothing contrived about them.

The real burning question I had

been waiting to ask them was, do the band class themselves as an Oi Band? After seeing them in the Oi Oi chart a couple of times and witnessing the hardcore punk/skin audience at the gig, the answer I got was totally unexpected.

Glynn: "No, all Oi Oi is, is an extension of punk."

John: "We're not influenced by anyone."

Jon: "Well, we can't single out a band who really inspired us."

Glynn: "I think the whole of the punk movement was influenced by us."

John: "We never have trouble between punk and skins at our gigs. They're just out for a good time. People enjoying themselves, having a drink, that's the way it should be."

If we can break even at a gig in our own area, that's ok. If we make money, that's great, but if people just enjoy themselves, that's enough for us."

The band put their view of gig violence on record with 'Mindless Few' on their fine debut 'Puppets of War' EP: "Goodbye tomorrow, ain't seen enough of today's Thanks to the Mindless Few Big boys they've struck again". Which for me says it all.

Actually, 'Puppets of War' EP on the Gargoyle label (inspired by Mensi?) has done surprisingly well, after the initial one thousand had been pressed they sold so quickly that another five thousand were pressed up and Fresh Records snapped it up for distribution.

After the band's national

exposure on the 'Apocalypse Tour', it zoomed up to the Top Five of the Alternative Chart. It's not surprising. Live, they're ace as I was to discover at a gig this same night in Hitchin with local bands, Victims of the Pestilence and 10-Yen.

OUT of the blackness, John Johnson begins pounding on the skins with maximum force, as one by one the band hurl themselves into 'Hound of the Night', faster and harder than an angry bull going on the rampage. Up come the lights and the band of the future, for me, began to justify the faith the local punk and skins have put in them.

Pete Dimmock stands there nearly motionless like some ancient Nordic god, his hair partially covering his face. While Glynn, his mouth pressed close to the mike, spews out the words and Jon Thurlow whirls about like a half-crazed spinnin' top. It could have been '77 all over again!

Now and again, hails of gob flew up at the bank. Glynn really objects to this and to tell you the truth, I can't see the point of it at all. So, don't be a dummy, eh?

Next they launch into 'Subway Sadist' which I think is their best number and possibly their next single, a real stormer of a song which gets the old adrenalin moving faster than Seb Coe breaking the world record.

The crowd by now are reduced to a frenzied mass of pogoing bodies. A couple of fans climb on stage but were 'gently' removed by our two skinhead bouncers. They carry on

through their set with flair and easy Confidence before they even completed the first five numbers. I was totally convinced of their seriousness and sincerity.

The only cover version of the night was the old Smokey number 'Living Next Door To Alice', punked up beyond recognition and a great laugh. They also want to put this on their next single.

Witnessing them on stage tonight, it felt great to be alive and great to watch a band of the future preparing their onslaught. In all, they played twelve numbers and one of the best was their namesake, 'Chronic Generation' and it sounds a hundred times better than on the tape, a well rabble-raising anthem.

Personal faves, the speedy pop sweatmeat, 'Lies' — "Eyes wide, mouth dry I'm so high. Never think I'm gonna die! I'm just flying like a kite. Up all day and up all night, all night."

C-H-R-O-N-I-C, the crowd yells at the top of their voices.

"Next day I'm so full of surprises. Last night told so many lies. It's just reality in disguise. I've fallen for those awful lies, those lies."

The climax of the set was when they played the title track of their EP, 'The Puppets of War'. John maintained the excellent work on the sticks, the whole band consistent throughout the set, even the ghastly Jon Thurlow was really impressive on the rhythm guitar. The drum roll and the band merging themselves into a wall of noise.

ANDRIEUS LASYS.





TENPOLE TUDOR

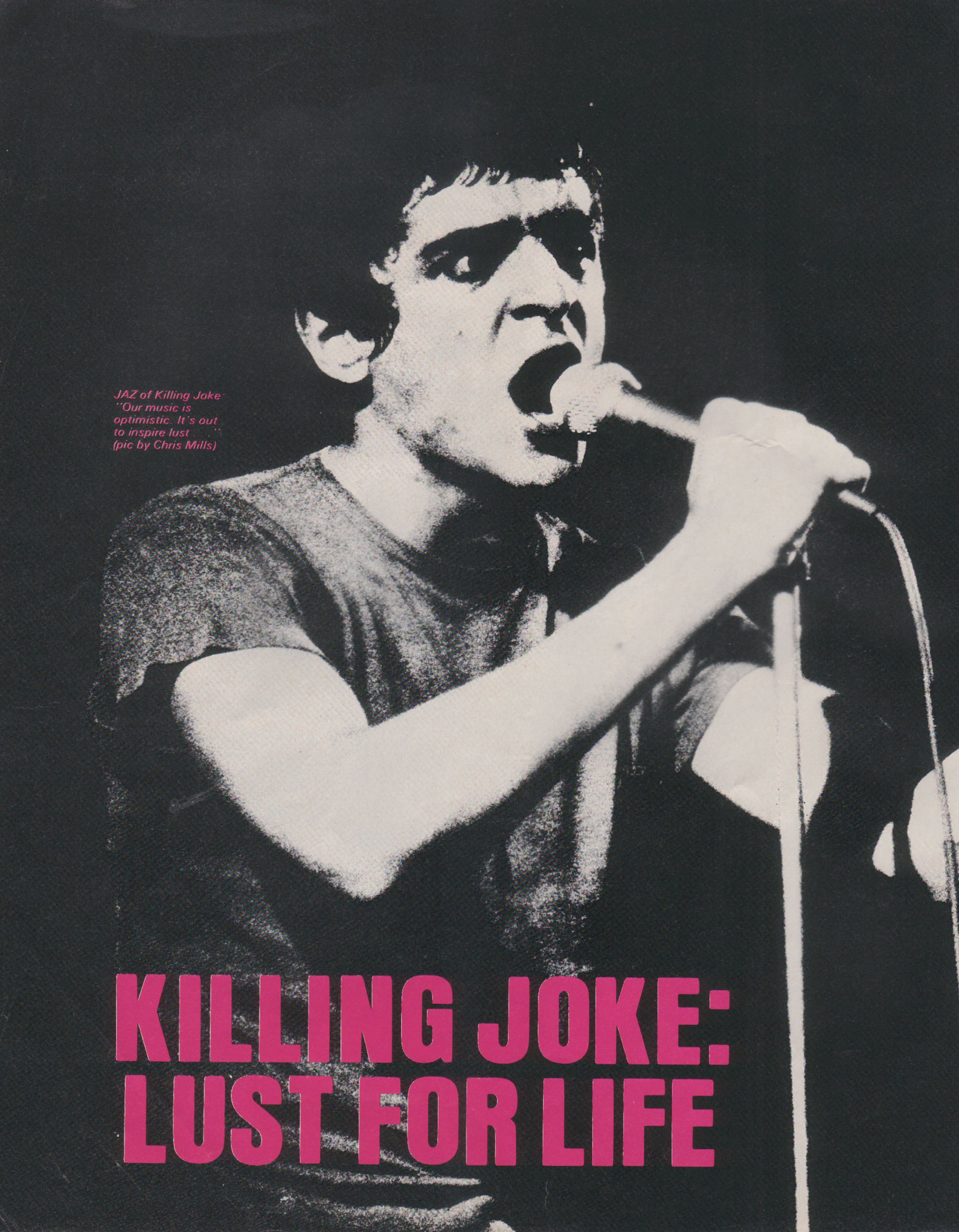
pic by Paul Cox / LFI



THE CLASH

pic by Tim Page





*JAZ of Killing Joke:
"Our music is
optimistic. It's out
to inspire lust ..."
(pic by Chris Mills)*

KILLING JOKE: LUST FOR LIFE



Pic by Vernon St. Hilaire

THE POPE walks through lines of soldiers. He looks benign and holy. He gives the soldiers a benediction. The soldiers are Nazis. This is a real picture, it comes from the thirties. It is a Killing Joke poster, and depicts a Killing Joke.

It is First World War France. A group of British soldiers are ordered to charge out of their trenches across No Man's Land and capture the German trenches facing them. They are dead before they're even out of the trench. Scythed down by vicious bursts of machine gun fire they lie immobile in those bloody trenches, their faces twisted in looks of tortured surprise. From nowhere a

dancer bedecked in top hat and tails alights on the corpses to tap dance over their memory. This is another Killing Joke poster depicting another Killing Joke.

Brutal, savage black humour, full of irony and indictment — Killing Joke go way beyond the polemics of straight society, using shock tactics to ram home their own bleak and total condemnation of social hypocrisy.

Like Theatre Of Hate they are not a punk band in the normal sense of the word but many punks relate to them for their spirit of defiance, subversion and total intensity.

Live from the Theatre Of Destruction, they would tear down the lies of 'civilisation', expose it for the barbarism it is built on. Their tools are as savage as their irony.

the music brutal, vicious and uncompromising.

Their latest album 'What's THIS For' released this June was given a five star rate in *Sounds* where the reviewer described it as 'the walking, talking incarnation of evil', 'the first tangible evidence of the New Brutalism', 'an album of incomparable verve, energy and aggression', 'a vicious loveless wanton assault on the senses'.

But the review concluded — that the band 'didn't seem to have the ability or responsibility to control the monster they've let loose'.

Jaz of the Joke riposts: 'It's not a question of the music being strong or evil. I just think it basically sums up what is going down. It's as simple as that. We feel comfortable with the music. It just feels very natural to us. It's not BLACK in the slightest. It's your interpretation of black. I find music that's designed for commercial reasons more black quite frankly. I think our music is optimistic — it's out to inspire lust'.

So what exactly is 'going down' for our murderous jesters? Attempts to uncover their past meet with stilted responses that it was 'just something that happened', though the band believe firmly that they 'have a destiny to fulfil'.

They were born / conceived about two years ago developing as 'a tribe', a self-supporting mutually dependent alliance of like minds. They believe idealistically in returning to a more natural tribal way of life, utilising long forgotten natural currents.

Correspondingly their music is body music, designed to awake the savage in the soul, music that is exhilaratingly tribal (a bestial disco one observer called it) yet underpinned by doomy jungle warnings, as they say 'warning sounds for an age of self-destruction'.

No wonder their relationship with the press has been so strained, so

many journalists freaked out, incomprehendingly, their complacency shattered, their set ideas disrupted, their synthetic friendliness repulsed.

'Not one person who's ever interviewed us has asked questions to spark our imagination,' says Jaz. 'And those that get it right don't get printed'.

Some have tried to trivialise them, twisting their 'tribalism' to write them off as little more than a doomier Adam Ant who Jaz detests.

'Nance music for sex people,' he sneers. 'Those people don't even know the meaning of the word. A tribe is self-supporting, not self-congratulatory. It just makes me sick'.

Glam, futurism and every other manufactured 'trend' that the band consider 'bury their heads in the sand' come under fierce attack. To them The Tribe isn't a marketable commodity — it's the only way for survival.

Jaz: 'You get something like the leader of this country. She leads a very physical life. She can't see beyond her own life-span. She says

'Right, 25 nuclear power stations all over Britain. She's on such a physical level of thinking that she can only think the length of her own lifespan, and not the generation to come after that and the generation after that. I find that terrifying'.

'We are aware that we are in a position of responsibility. Considering how many mindless people there are who take what we and others say as gospel simply because it's written in the papers, then we have got some responsibility towards them'.

'Our songs themselves are an attempt to open people's eyes up, to make them think and understand the situation'.

Paul: 'Of course it is a risk. The whole of life's a risk. It could end with us killing ourselves. That would be the ultimate killing joke, wouldn't it?'.

CRASSTAFARI



'They'd almost paid the mortgage / Then the system dropped its bomb'

WHICHEVER WAY you slice 'em up — band / phenomenon / ideology / life style, Crass are pretty strange. I've finally come to respect them if only because of their total refusal to play the game by the rules laid down in the boardrooms of the record biz's corporate controllers:

Whatever anyone might think about them as people and musicians, Crass have integrity

They're sincere and honest and they're popular amongst hardcore punks. Very popular.

Crass were formed in 1978 by Penny Rimbaud and Steve Ignorant but the basis for their existence developed over the previous decade, from when Rimbaud opened his home to all-comers at the height of hippydom in the late sixties.

The Crass house is in North Weald, almost the extreme Essex end of the Central Line. It's an ancient farmhouse organised as an old style commune with the communards owning nothing but

their clothes and sharing everything else.

The ten people who live there now make up Crass in all its diverse aspects. They range from their early twenties to close on 40 (Penny) and from humble backgrounds to the very privileged.

The original line-up was demonic vocalist Steve Ignorant and Rimbaud the drummer. Ignorant was a young East Ender, a Clash fan who'd moved into the Commune but who'd been inspired enough by the Pistols / Clash spunky / punky spirit to suggest that garageland might be a respectable location for new anarchist operations.

Various people passing through the house threw in their lot with the band. There was Eva Libertine (vox), Joy De Vivre (vox), Phil Free (lead guitar & backing vox), G (backing vox, piano), N.A. Palmer (rhythm guitar, backing vox), and Mick (films).

Contrary to their names, strict black uniforms ('a profound statement or rejection') and originally fierce and unfriendly sound, fans testify that the band are pleasant, personable people.

Their first gig, aptly enough, was at a Squatters Free Festival in Huntley, followed by the obligatory Roxy dates — till their legendary ban. Outer London punters never got to hear of 'em till early '79 when Small Wonder released their debut twelve inch ep 'The Feeding Of The 5,000'.

Like its successor the three quid double album 'Stations Of The Cross' this was mostly raw and brutal interspersed with a liberal spattering of four-letter filth and fury.

Of late however the band have moved away from the cranium-crunching chaos that made them their name, their last album 'Penis Envy' finding them dabbling in a distinctly lighter more commercial sound coupled to a radical feminist message.

This isn't too surprising a lyrical development considering their firm commitment to anarchist and pacifist ideals which coupled to their communal living have left them open to all sorts of slagging (most from me) about being 'Hippy-Punks'.

Rimbaud: 'Are we hippies? Well that depends on your view of a hippy. If you think of a hippy as a person who wants to make a better future then sure, that's okay.'

But press criticisms can't detract from Crass's concrete achievements. Most of their gigs are benefits. Their commitment to CND is so strong that they show films of the gruesome effects of the bomb being dropped at gigs, confronting kids with the full horror of war. Record costs are kept well low. ('5000' sold for two quid, 'Stations' for three, the 'Reality Asylum' single 45p...)

They've turned down massive industry advances to keep in touch with the streets and maintain their integrity.

And even though some who know them claim that the very scale of their operation has turned them into businessmen no one can deny the help they've given good causes and other punk bands — the Poison Girls, the excellent Zounds, Flux Of Pink Indians, the industry-ruined Honey Bane, and next Eltham's own street anarchist band Conflict who I personally tip to be very important indeed.

Finally the band plan to use any money they make to open an Anarchist Centre in London as a new and real alternative venue / meeting point for all the young rebels.

Rimbaud: 'We're not gonna start getting compromised. We've already been offered lots of things that I think most bands would've leapt at. We've been offered the big deals and supporting big people and we just won't do that, there's no point.

It's only money.'

STEVE

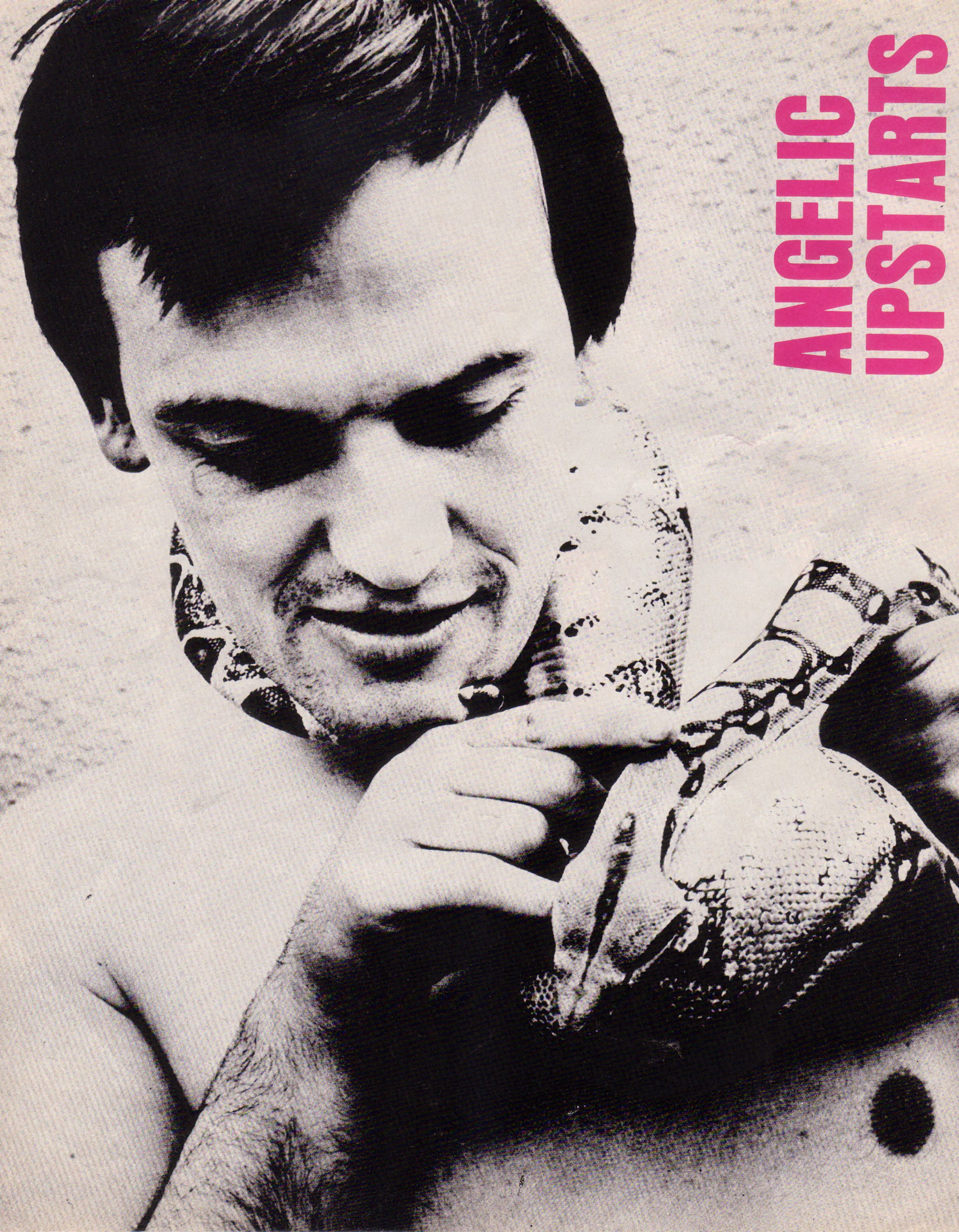




VICE SQUAD

pic by Paul Slattery

ANGELIC UPSTARTS



WRITTEN OFF more times than I can remember, but still the Angelic Upstarts roar back into the frontline with their righteous anger, their humanity and their clear idea of who is *really* to blame for unemployment and social inequities.

The Upstarts y' see are the most relevant wing of street-punk and it's surely because they continue to make so much good sense to so many kids that their latest album 'Two Million Voices' released just two months back, crashed into the Top Forty despite all the critical jibes.

'Two Million Voices' centres round the crusade against unemployment, combining both the raw rage of street rebellion with the positive anger of organised protesters like the Right To Work Marchers and the urchins who swelled the ranks of the Peoples March For Jobs.

The title track plunges right into the heart of the matter being a raucous representation of the Anger Marchers that sounds like Motorhead storming

Westminster with the Kop Choir in tow.

'Ghost Town' follows, delving deeper into the flesh and blood effects of depression. It's suitably harsh, carved out of a thirties scrapbook with doleful brass and words that touch a nerve:

Pride is of the essence each day / Those Consett men had their pride / Their jobs of steel / Now they stand in the dole queue with their hands out-stretched / Yes that's the way to kill a town.

Other songs run a gauntlet of controversial subject matters — 'You're Nicked' gets back to time-honoured Upstarts complaint of police oppression, 'Guns For The Afghan Rebels' takes a stand against Soviet imperialism, 'I Understand' protests at the death of Rasta Richard Campbell while the poem 'Heath's Lament' finds Mensi drawing on his mining past for some passionate picket line poetry.

In other words four years after they were kicked into life by the Clash's 'White Riot' tour

the Upstarts are still just as committed, just as powerful, just as angry and just as convincing as ever.

You'll never find Mensi at any music biz lig, rubbing shoulders with the snobs and the would-be famous, his hearts lies with the people, always has done, always will do, and that's why this band continue to mean so much. October's live album should be a raucous reminder of just how vital they are.

Indeed the only possible criticism anyone could make of them is Mensi's almost hideous ugliness. I know *Sounds* keep

harking on about it but quite frankly there's no getting away from it.

To be honest many Upstarts fans have told me that they'd rather not go to gigs than have to confront the Elephant Mansi in the flesh. This is nothing to be ashamed of. Many young people feel exactly the same way. If you're one of them, why not write in to Sounds 'Ugly Problem' Department, c/o 40 Long Acre, London WC2.

Together I'm certain there's something we can do about it. Even if it means having a whip round for plastic surgery...

pic by Harry Papadopoulos

pic by George Bodnar

pic by Virginia Turbett



GBH

pic by Paul Slattery

GBH: the latest signings to Clay Records, home of blitzkrieg rockers Discharge.

But unlike Cal's pals, GBH specialise in a 'Damned style' punk - as action rather than punk as political statement, delivering a blistering greivous bodily harm to the earholes of their strong Brummy following built up over eighteen months of gigging in the locality.

By the time you read this their debut 8-track twelve inch 'Leather, Bristles, Studs And Acne' might be in your local discerning record store.



ANGELIC UPSTARTS

SEX PISTOLS

pic by Adrian Boot / LFI



CARRY ON OI!

Oi — The Movement developed parallel to the new punk resurgence, and though it's wider in orientation, it shares many of the same tenets and ideals.

Although widely dubbed 'skinhead music', Oi had always been about 'skinheads, punks and herberts', and it is its appeal to streetkids that upsets most people who misinterpret the ideals of the movement as being little more than the propagation of mindless violence. But Oi has always defined itself as 'Having a laugh and having a say' or 'street level points of view' — songs written in the dole queue.

And the leading bands have always strived to throw themselves behind the fight against unemployment and so on. The **4-Skins**, their ultra-violent fantasy 'Chaos' aside, attack Sus, war, the Thatcher government and the class system in their lyrics, as do **Infra-Riot**, the **Partisans** and so on.

After the tragic misunderstanding of Southall Oi came under attack from all sides, with 'Strength Thru Oi' deleted and Oi gigs banned. But as 4-Skins guitarist Steve Pear told *Sounds*:

"The 4-Skins are not and never have been a racist band. I am a socialist, I believe in socialist principles — not Communist principles — and I would never have any time for a band who propagated racist or Nazi ideals. A Nazi government would crush punk music just as a Communist one would. All the 4-Skins stand for is having a good time and working class people having a chance to put their points of view across. None of our black fans have ever been harassed at our gigs. That's not what the 4-Skins are about."

What they are about is some of the hardest hitting punk music on the market. Watch out for an album later this year on their own Clockwork Fun label

OVER FORTY bands stand aligned with the Oi movement with assorted herberts throwing in their lot with it all the time. Oi takes itself seriously and has had several conferences about what it was and where it was going.

The first at the Central London pub committed the

movement to playing benefits against the Cuts and unemployment wherever possible. The last and biggest at the Conway Hall a week before Southall endorsed that decision and also the slogan Skunk Rock — punk music for skins, punks and herberts — the same idea as Oi but specifically linking skins and punks in its title to avoid confusion.

Many punk bands attended, of whom **VICE SQUAD** were the best known. They reckoned skins and punks got on just fine in Bristol as indeed they do in most places.

It was also pointed out that there were many links between Oi and Apocalyptic-style punks. **THE EXPLOITED** had starred on 'Oi-The Album'; Vice Squad made their London debut supporting the 4-Skins; the bands shared the same Harper/Pursey/Mensforth populist roots.

It was like Lee Wilson of **INFRA-RIOT** told one fanzine: "We're not just an Oi band, we're a punk band too. The only difference is the length of our hair. It's the same music."

"My favourite band are the Exploited because they've got guts and they've got courage. We've got more in common than we've got differences. As the unemployment gets worse, punk/Oi/Skunk whatever you

wanna call it will get bigger and become more relevant. It'll have to cos the kids ain't got sod all else.

From the explosion of Oi/Skunk bands **Blitz**, **The Strike**, **The Partisans**, **The Ejected**, **Red Alert**, **the Abrasive Wheels**, and **The Toydolls** are amongst the brightest new talents while standing at the top of the tree with the Infas and the 4-Skins are **THE BUSINESS** (dealing in street-level rock-pop of the most powerful kind), the **LAST RESORT** (the most bellicose and soccer orientated, a churning furnace of fun and fury) and in their own very different way power-jesters **Splodge**.

But the man who probably above all others belies the myth of Oi-sters as thicko thugs rotten to the cor blimey is Plaistow Poet **GARRY JOHNSTON** whose poems are savage indictments of the class system and working class youth's place at the bottom of the social scrapheap.

Despite the establishment's attempts to close it down, the Oi Movement has no intention whatsoever of surrendering. It's the music of its time, tough music for tough kids living tough lives. And those kids won't give up easily. Like the latest album cover says 'Carry On Oi'.

THE EXPLOITED



LP

'Punk's Not Dead' SEC 1
SINGLES

'Dogs Of War' SHH 110

'Army Life' SHH 112

'Exploited

Barmy Army SHH 113

NEW SINGLE
AVAILABLE
SHORTLY:

'Dead Cities'
SHH 120

SECRET
RECORDS

4-SKINS

pic by Martin Dean



INFA-RIOT



THE BUSINESS





TOYAH

pic by Simon Fowler / LFI

THE PATHETIC AND THE

INDISPUTABLY THE most ridiculous, ill-conceived and mindless punk trend of them all, La Punk Pathetique was the talk of very silly people everywhere about a year ago what with Splodge getting to number one with 'Two Pints of Lager' and Pathetique Happenings, abounding all over the shop.

And loathe as any normal human punk would be to take it at all seriously it must be said that there's been a pathetique side to punk since the beginning, pathetique being maybe best defined as irreverent, irrelevant escapism of the cartoon buffoonery kind.

THE DAMNED were where it all started natch, (though the Yanks being by nature pathetique contributed a parallel movement in the shape of the Ramones, Dickies, Ronald Reagan et al) but Pathetique really hit the big time when the Sex Pistols became the Ex-Pistols.

With John back to boring old

Lydon and Malcy rewriting history as swindle, **Cook, Jones 'n' Sid** started teaming up with all manner of idiots and releasing stuff like 'The Biggest Blow' which was arguably the most pathetique single of all time.

Eddie Tenpole was another part-time recruit, unleashing his glorious strangled ferret vocals on an even sillier song, the mighty madcap meisterwerk 'Who Killed Bambi' before setting off on a career of chart-busting pop-corn idiocy with the immaculate Tenpole Tudor.

With all this uptempo stupidity in the air it wasn't too surprising that other jesters began erupting all over the grass roots scene. There was **Splodge** from Peckham of course, and those notorious Northern nahners the **Notsensibles** who tempered their, umm, Art with creamy pop and porkies about being in love with Maggie Scratcher, but punkiest of the lot and yet still pathetique enough to make this a titanicallly latented triumvirate of twerps were Brighton's own Barons of the Beans Bop, Peter & **The Test Tube Babies** who shot to infamy via

the Peel programme and the tasteful anthem 'Elvis Is Dead'.

It wasn't until the heady summer of 1980 that all these diverse dumkopfs came together, merging with the self-styled Young Rolf Rebels (Rolf Harris Revivalists being plunged into the limelight after the man himself dropped in on a Harris Disco in Ilford) to create La Movement De La Punk Pathetique.

Almost magically the woodwork squeaked and out came the freaks. Loonies materialised all over this blessed plot to stand shoulder to kneecap with our heroes: The Postmen, the Pissflaps, the Body-Guns, The Shavenheads, Barney Rubble (la poete pathetique), Auntie Pus, and best of all the Gonads, punk-reggae funsters united by nothing more feeble than their love of Charlton Athletic surely the most pathetique team in the whole Second Division.

Before anyone knew what had hit them a Pathetique Festival at the Electric Ballroom had been arranged for the August, featuring Splodge, the Notsensibles, the Test-Tube Babies, Baby Greensleeves & The

Crocodiles, Auntie Pus and Barney Rubble. Talk about crackpot jackpot, John. It was a disaster.

Natch ending in a near riot with punters fleeing the building to avoid evil-smelling stink bombs and choking smoke bombs.

The Ballroom was closed down prematurely, and many people claimed that the tide of twits had finally been turned.

For a while it seemed tragically true. Splodge split, while the Sensies and the Test-Tubes retreated home to lick their wounds and sulk. But thank the Rolf no-one gave up completely. Instead the Test-Tubes, Barney Rubble, and the Postmen, aligned themselves with the Oi movement via 'Oi — The Album', while the **Toy Dolls** emerged from Sunderland with their ultra-silly 'Tommy Koways Car' single and Max Splodge released a solo single called 'Bicycle Seat', probably the worst single ever recorded. It sold two copies.

In the meantime the Postmen had blagged a Peel session before anyone realised they were just Sticky Turner and the Rubber Glove Firm.

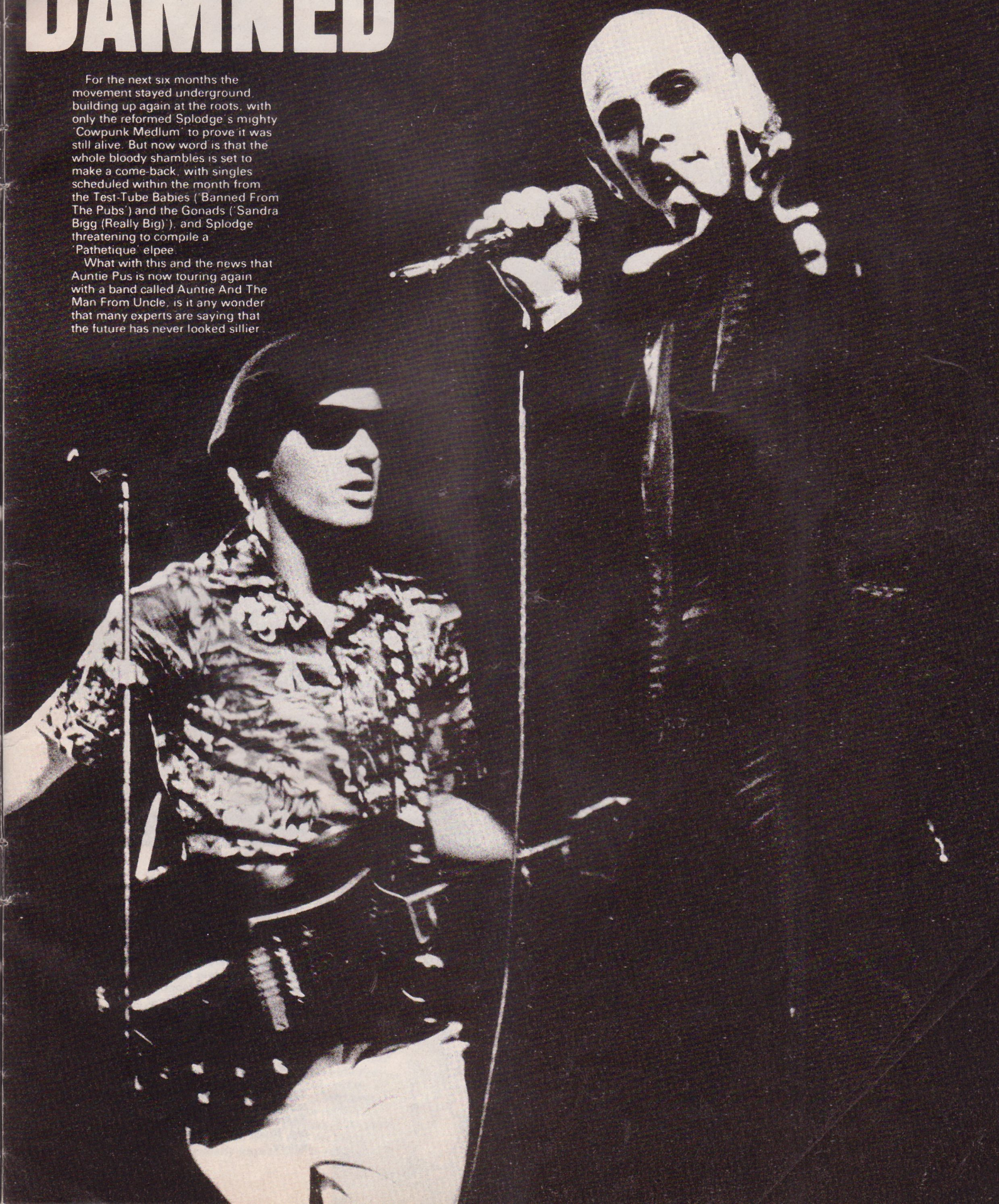
Max Splodge: pic by Martin Dean.



DAMNED

For the next six months the movement stayed underground, building up again at the roots, with only the reformed Splodge's mighty 'Cowpunk Medlum' to prove it was still alive. But now word is that the whole bloody shambles is set to make a come-back, with singles scheduled within the month from the Test-Tube Babies ('Banned From The Pubs') and the Gonads ('Sandra Bigg (Really Big)'), and Splodge threatening to compile a 'Pathetique' elpee.

What with this and the news that Auntie Pus is now touring again with a band called Auntie And The Man From Uncle, is it any wonder that many experts are saying that the future has never looked sillier.





ERAZERHEAD: widely dubbed 'East London's answer to the Ramones' Erazerhead have recently proved they're more than just dumb copyists by releasing their excellent debut 'Ape Man' ep on Terry Razor's Test Pressings label.

Formed out of the ashes of local heroes the Corvettes, the band have supported such luminaries as the Rejects, the Upstarts and the 4-skins at the Bridge House and have built up a strong local following.

As guitarist Slim Jim explained the band live for a time when a Ramonesy genre of bands is accepted just as much as a rock 'n' roll genre or a punk genre.

From left to right, Erazerhead are: Phil (drums), Lee Drury (vox), Gary (bass) and Slim Jim (guitar). Comic book heroes for the eighties...

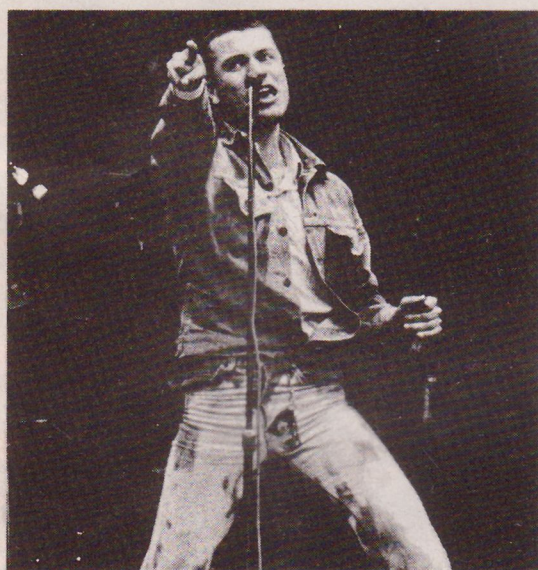


SOUNDS: 'Kick back, question, disobey, make your own rules, live your own life, be responsible: Subvert'.

So Sounds advised listeners on their excellent debut EP, 'Can't Cheat Karma' released on Crass records.

The title track was a masterpiece of catchy subversion, equalled only by their follow-up of last month 'Demystification' on the Rough Trade label, which despite its unruly title comes into a dark desperate harsh pop sound a bit akin to an eighties Cockney Rebel.

Definitely destined to become an important band in the months to come.



CASE: One of the most invigorating moments of my life this year was wandering into the Woolwich Tramshed to be whacked wide awake by an experience more invigorating than the kiss of life from Pamela Stephenson.

That experience was a shower, not of cold water, but a motley one from Croydon name of Case who specialise in fast, boisterous new wave rock that's catchily uncategorisable.

There's some Ruts in there, even a touch of the Beat, pushing pumping power, red hot and hard-driving, and the punks and skins in the audience were going seriously bonkers.

Case are fronted by cropped Matthew Newman (above) who is incredible to watch. One minute he's Buster Bloodvessel, the next Ronnie Kray.

A clown and a criminal, a nut-case and a hardcase all rolled into one, leaping into the audience and rolling round the floor with a snatch of enthusiastic punky punters. I've never seen a face that says so much and for forty minutes its physically impossible to take yer eyes off him...



CHARGE: not strictly a 'young band' having been knocking around since the heady summer of '77 this N. London band now finally seemed poised to make some impact in their home country after years of relative success sur le continent. Their latest EP majoring on 'Kings Cross' (Test Pressings) features some fine shambolic punk noise that's messy and untutored but boisterously catchy and lotsa fun.

And it looks like they'll be doing a lot of gigs with Anti-Pasti soon come too so you can see 'em for yourselves. Hecklers should be advised that amongst their European fans is a selection of Cosa Nostra members.

Tatty blond guitarist Stu explained: "We were playing all these theatres in Italy that were owned by the Mafia. The audience were full of thugs, real villains. After one gig we were being driven around in a fleet of bullet proof limos... it was an amazing experience..."

FRESH FRUIT

Nine hot new bands

DISORDER: formed in Bristol in late 1980 as a hardcore punk band in the unrelenting Discharge mould.

Played a few small local gigs and released their debut EP the four track 'Complete Disorder' through Vice Squad's Riot City Records on their own Disorder label.

The EP was aggressively representative of the band's own uncompromising pogo attack selling 4,000 copies and featuring strongly in the mid regions of the Alternative Chart.

Disorder went on the gig with Discharge before becoming 'disillusioned with the system surrounding them' and the music biz in general. They're currently 'seriously considering' their future career.

Disorder are: Steve Curtis (vocals), Steve Allen (guitar), Steve Robinson (bass) and Neil Worthington (drums).



BLITZ: Singles reviewing is a long and arduous task but every now and then you slip on a single that refreshes the parts the dross deadens.

Blitz's debut 'All Out Attack' EP was one such, joining 'Flares & Slippers', 'Army Life' and 'Last Rockers' as one of the finest debut punk eps of recent times.

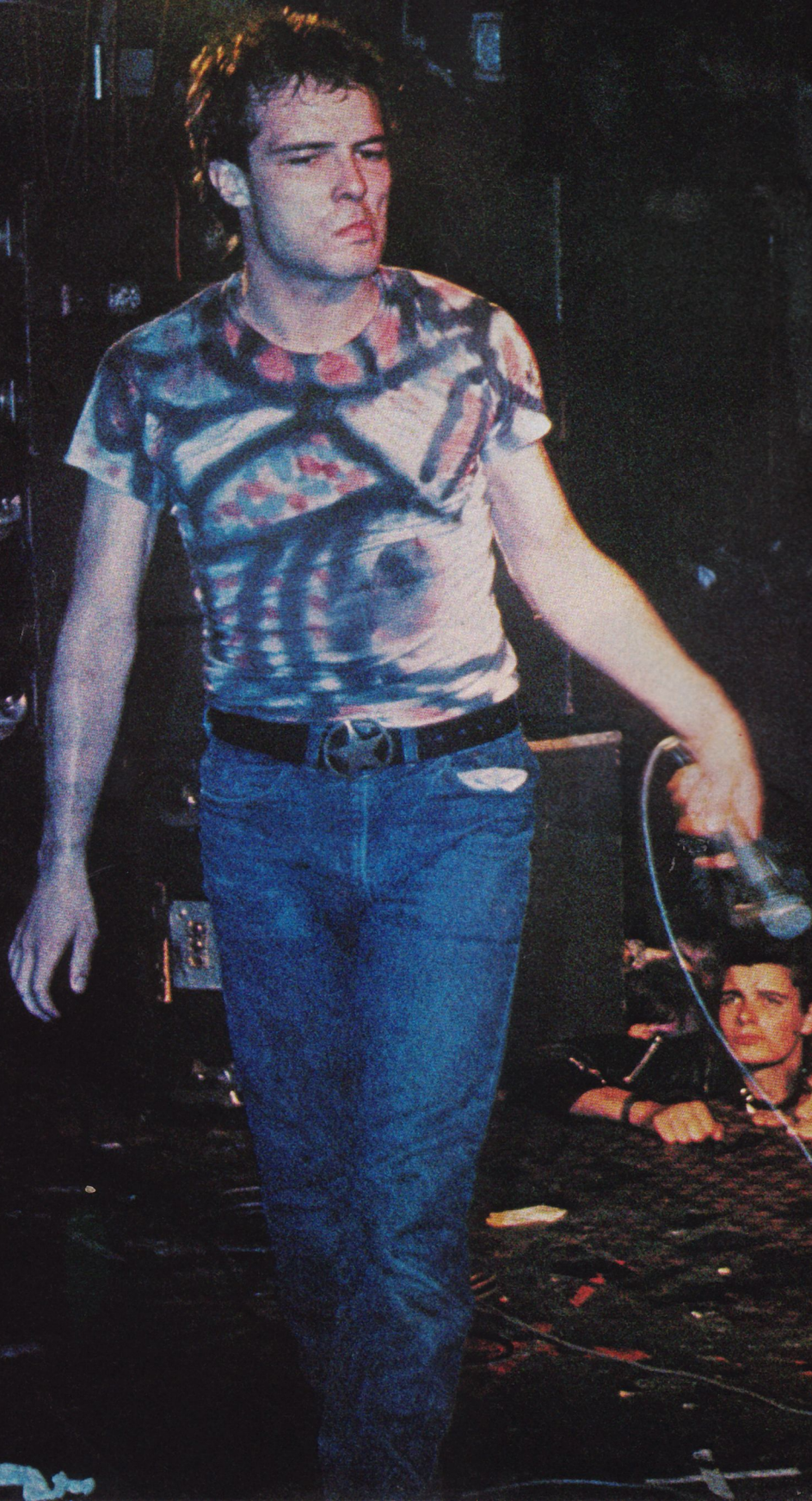
It was the very fury and urgency of the four tracks that impressed me most, ferocious full-frontal aural assaults that combined Hulk-like power with terrace singalongability to make for street anthems of the first order.

Ain't no doubt in my mind that Blitz, aka Manchester's answer to the Cockney Rejects, are gonna be big, big, BIG in the nearest future.

DEAD KENNEDYS

jello biafra

pic by Sue Graham



PLASMATICS

wendy o. williams

pic by London Features International



999

pic by Gus Stewart



CROSSWORD

Compiled by SUE BUCKLEY and LIZ BIGGS

ACROSS

- 1 and 29 down. Strummer stripped it down for a custom run (5,3)
 3 Two similar letters for Crass (3,1,6,1)
 8 Ruts as arsonists? (8,7)
 ✓10 Anti-Pasti's lack of government (2)
 11 They commit a violent crime (8)
 ✓13 See 22
 ✓14 Sounds like Mr October (4)
 17 Discharged complaint about being hemmed in (6,12)
 ✓20 Just Pursey (5)
 21 27 wanted it in the UK (7)
 24 BlagFlag's SST single (5,8)
 25 Epileptics are sure of the Fuhrer's stance (7,5,1,4)
 29 Entry to Clash's west (5)
 31 Jilted John's moronic mate (6)

- 32 You could find this old pistol in the kitchen (4)
 33 A damned rose (3)
 34 and 16. Crass's castration complex (5,4)

DOWN

- 1 Pink Indians involved in a crash at Goodge St? (4,8)
 2 Youth band (3)
 ✓3 Why Crass can't go dancing anymore? (6,4,3,4)
 ✓4 Punk spit? (3)
 5 Just one of God's lonely men? (6)
 6 and 23. Generation X's complaint about the heatwave? (4,4)
 ✓7 Little Miss Anxiety (5)
 ✓9 Matlock's wooded valley (4)
 12 Double it for strength (2)
 ✓15 Corroded Egan (5)
 16 See 34
 18 Clash want one of their own (5,4)



- ✓19 At one time no self respecting punk would be dressed without one. Get this and you'll feel flushed (5)
 ✓20 Doubled by Siouxsie (2)
 ✓22 and 13 Puppets of War (5-3)
 23 See 6
 ✓26 Exploited task force? (1,1,1)
 ✓27 Alias Rotten (5)
 ✓28 A machine to copy Adam (5)
 29 See 1 across
 ✓30 Did it shine on the Pistols' hols? (3)

Solution below

EXPLOITED from page 2

London gig at the Fulham Greyhound last year before a virgin audience, Wattie was in his element, whirling into action and literally jumping into the crowd running up to passive voyeurs and sucking them into the spirit of the thing.

Then sporting an untamed peroxide barnet, now a wild Mohican, Buchanan always strikes me as a pugnacious Dickensian urchin grabbing you by the intrigues with his urgency, his rabid mongrel style of delivery, and his wild blue and bloodshot peepers that constantly flash with passion.

He upstages all the rest, even guitarist Big John the mighty meaty 20 stone Man Mountain who looms like a beached whale to his left supplying the basic Subsian vehicle for Wattie's guttersnipe anthems.

Out of sight but hardly out of mind is manic drummer Dru Sticks unleashing blitz after blitz of ferocious drum attack, and then finally far right stands swaying half-cut Gary modelling small shades and crimson barnet and pumping his bass with a controlled passion.

What a sound they make, what a glorious untamed battering ram of filth and fury...

In retrospect it's no wonder that they soared to the top of the live punk charts in a matter of mere months, their stage act is so hot you'd have to be frozen solid or dead or an NME writer not to appreciate it. But there's no denying it was their stream of first class vinyl discharges that paved the way to their current success.

After the seminal 'Army Life' they had two tracks on the first Oi compilation ('Daily News' and 'I Believe In Anarchy') and then released their second Alternative Chart fave, the bellicose drum-heavy slice of self-aggrandisement that was 'Exploited Barmy Army'. Both singles were released via Red Rhino who the band are now in dispute with over royalties they claim to have never received. Both sold close on 20,000 copies via word of mouth and Peel.

By the time of their third release, 'Dogs of War', a Top 50 single, they'd been snapped up by Secret Records releasing the rallying cry album 'Punks Not Dead' soon after to a glowing five star reception.

To me half the fun of the Exploited is their delinquent spirit, their untamed youth. There is a thrill, an excitement in walking on the wild side. If they ever calmed down they just wouldn't be the same band...

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

ACROSS 1 Tommy, 3 Big A Little A, 8 Babylons Burning, 10 No 11 Disorder, 13 Gen, 14 Gene, 17 Always Restrictions, 20 Jimmy, 21 Anarchy, 24 White Minority, 25 Hitler's Still A Nazi, 29 DOWN: 1 Tube Disaster, 2 Mob, 3 Banned from the Roxy, 4 Gob 5 Lurker, 6 This, 7 Annie, 9 Glen, 12 Oi, 15 Rusty, 16 Envy, 18 White Riot, 19 Chain, 20 Ju, 22 Chron, 23 Heat, 26 SpG, 27 Lydon, 28 Zeros, 29 Gun, 30 Sun

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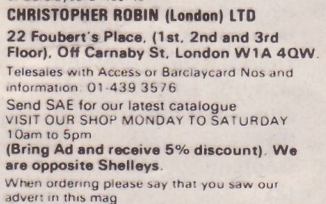
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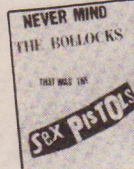
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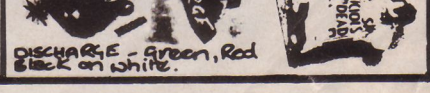
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